

CHARIVARIA.

THE first business which the House of Commons attended to on re-assembling was the Children's Bill. A large party of Suffragettes, however, wanted to remind the House that "Women should come before children." This seems all right. Eve came before Cain and Abel; and Nature since then has made a habit of this arrangement.

By a curious oversight none of our newspapermen thought of referring to the lady who made her way into the Commons as "The Angel in the House."

"Servia has lost nothing," declared the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, as reported in *Le Temps*. But what about her temper?

A kind old lady, realising what a disappointment it must have been to the Crown Prince of SERVIA and Prince PETER of MONTE-NEGRO that no war has broken out, has, it is said, sent to each of these young gentlemen a nice large box of fireworks.

"Will the Duke of CONNAUGHT be new King of SERVIA?" enquires a *Daily Chronicle* poster. No harm in asking, of course.

An impudent pickpocket, when brought up before a magistrate at Vienna the other day, confessed that he was guilty of stealing a purse as alleged, but claimed that he should not be punished on the ground that the theft was a *fait accompli*.

Turkey refuses to be consoled by the thought that, though she has lost some provinces, she has gained the sympathy of Europe. Anyhow she would like it to be plainly understood that she now has all the sympathy she requires.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been presented with a centrepiece by some admirers. This burglarious implement would surely have been a more appropriate gift for his colleague who favours the robbing of hen-roosts.

over the place to see where the best site could be found." What devils of cunning we are getting to be!

"There are no corporations behind me," boasts Mr. BRYAN. Certainly Mr. TAFT's corporation has no intention of taking a back seat.

"Would any of your readers kindly tell me what to do with old books that nobody wants to read, books about the Flood and so on, which take up such a lot of room?" asks a

correspondent in a contemporary. Has he tried giving them away as school prizes?

Students of Biblical History will be interested to hear that Miss MAUD ALLAN, the great Revivalist, has informed an interviewer that she is thinking of drawing on the Old Testament for inspiration for some new dances.

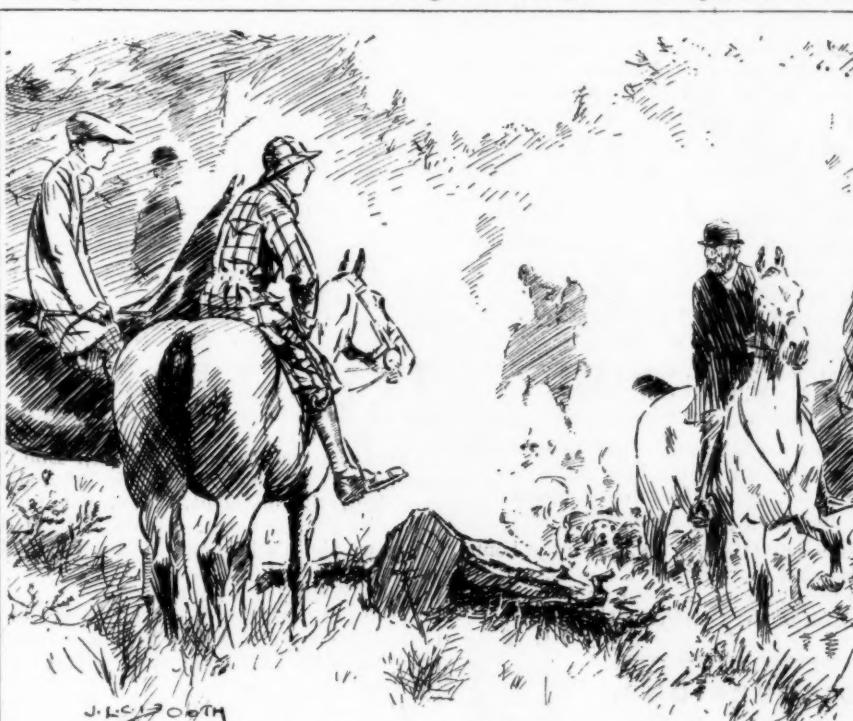
It has been suggested that when the Anti-Cigarette-Smoking Bill becomes law, age-badges shall be issued to youth ful-looking poli-

cians, like Earl WINTERTON, in order to prevent their being annoyed by officious constables.

Of the War Office cat which recently passed away it is said that he was not a good mouser. Can this have been the influence of environment?

Yet there is undoubtedly a new spirit abroad at the War Office. Mr. HALDANE informed a gathering of Scotsmen the other day that he had been looking out for a site for some new barracks for some time past without the public knowing anything about it. "Generals, not in cocked hats, but in billycocks and tweed coats, had been going on the sly all

At last solid proof is forthcoming that there is no understanding between Austria and Germany in regard to the spoliation of Turkey. "Great vexation," we read, "is felt in Vienna against Germany, whose agents are taking advantage of the boycott of Austrian goods, and are endeavouring to secure the former Austrian customers at Constantinople." The dear allies!



(*Two cubs have been "chopped" in covert.*)

Superior Youth (whose habiliments suggest another sport—to friend). "BY JOVE! I DIDN'T COME OUT TO SEE FOXES KILLED IN THIS SORT OF WAY!"

M.F.H. (overhearing). "So I thought, BY THE LOOK OF YOU, SIR. BUT, IF YOU DO MANAGE TO SHOOT ONE, YOU'LL SHOW MY HUNTSMAN WHERE TO GATHER HIM, WON'T YOU?"

THE LITTLE SMOKER'S FRIEND.

My human boy, my undeveloped mannikin,
Type of the subject's liberty oppressed,
Has not the painful truth provoked a panic in
The tiny hollow which you call your chest?
When you had keenly scanned the starting-prices
Did you not notice in your newsy rag
How your affairs had reached an awful crisis
Pregnant with menace to your farthing fag?
It must have shocked those tissues where the heady
Fumes of the weed had got an early start;
Must have unnerved a system which already
Betrayed the ravages of "smoker's heart."
Yet you are not to think that no one heeded
Your claim to live your own life how you please;
Stout spokesmen for the little puffer pleaded,
And FREDERICK BANEURY (Bart.) was one of these.
Almost he might have been your very mother,
So movingly, in accents soft and mild,
He urged the nation not to go and smother
The spark of freedom blown on by a child.
Some people claim for adult heirs of labour
The Right-to-work; but he of whom I spoke,
The friend of children, asked for every babe or
Suckling the immemorial Right-to-smoke.
Whatever any infant's age or size is,
He to its independence brooked no bar;
He wouldn't back a Bill that compromises
The heritage that made us what we are.
Therefore, my nipper, though he proved a failure,
Though o'er his fallen body, flung between,
The myriad foe stepped lightly to curtail your
Chance of absorbing pints of nicotine,
Remember BANBURY (Bart.)! Ay, when the bobby
Catches you at it and you pay the debt,
Think of the hero who upheld your hobby—
The Champion of the Children's Cigarette!

O. S.

DISCUSSIONS.

HOOKS AND EYES.

SCENE—His Dressing-room. Time, 7.45. He has just come up to dress for dinner. He has taken off his coat, when there is a knock at the door.

*He. Halloa!**She (outside). Can I come in?**He. Yes, certainly. What do you want?*

She (entering). CHARLES! You'll be late again; and you know the LAMPETERS are the soul of punctuality. Now do try to be in time.

He (testily). I'm trying as hard as I can, but I don't think you can help me, you know. I can beat the record right enough if you'll only leave me alone. (Proceeds to unbutton his waistcoat.) Do clear out. Why, you're not ready yourself. Your dress isn't done up behind.

She. That's just it. I want you to do it up. Poor ELIZA's got a sick headache, and the other maids are so busy and so clumsy I don't like to take up their time. I wish you'd do it for me, there's a dear.

He. Right. I'll do it; but it'll make me late, you know. Let's have a look. (He approaches her, takes the back of her dress in hand, and begins operations.) Hooks? Yes, I see the hooks, but I'm hanged if I can

see any eyes. Yes, here's a little Johnnie all ready for his hook. Got him. Three cheers. Where the—No, that's the wrong one. Here he is. Missed him! Do, for heaven's sake, keep still! How do you expect me to do you up when you're wriggling about like an eel? Now you've got your front to the light. Turn round. (*He seizes her violently and whirls her round.*)

*She. I'm not a top, CHARLES.**He. I don't care what you are, but I'm going to get this beggar of a hook in or—**She (faintly). Oh!*

He. Don't yell like that. It only puts me off. Now then, all together. Who—oo— No, he's out again. Come back, you little— Aha, would you? Plop! he's in. Stop! STOP!! STOP!!! (He stands off and contemplates his handiwork with a look of despair.)

She. What is the matter? You'll have the whole house in here if you shout like that.

He (wildly). They've all got loose again. As soon as ever I put number four in the other three simply romped out with a rush, and—(inspecting)—yes, they've taken number four with them. I must start again. (He does so.) That's one. (He places his thumb firmly on number one, and proceeds.) No, you don't. You'd better come quietly. There.

*She (looking over her shoulder into the glass). I knew you'd do it, CHARLES. You've missed the two top eyes.**He (madly). Do you mean to say I've got to take 'em out again?*

She. Yes; look at the top. It laps over. D'you see? Oh, oh, oh! Don't put your knuckles into my backbone. I shall be black and blue, and what will they all think? Take it quietly, quietly, quietly. You'll tear it to strips. Oh!

He (between his clenched teeth). Don't struggle. It's useless. I'm going to do this infernal job if it keeps me here till midnight. One! got him. Cheer up. They're coming along. Heave ho! Hooked, by Jove! Now we sha'n't be long. Want votes, do you? With dresses like that? Why—

*She. Well, you've got a vote.**He (still working). What's that got to do with it?*

She. Fancy giving a vote to a man who can't get a hook into its own little eye. CHARLES, I'm ashamed of you.

He. Oh, do be quiet. If you'll only shut up for half a minute—I've torn my finger on something. Get in, won't you, get in. (Screaming) They're all out again! (He sits down on a chair and mops his face.) It's no use, old girl, I can't do it, and my finger's bleeding, and I've only got five minutes for dressing. You'll have to go down with your dress undone. Tell 'em it's the new style—all the duchesses dine like that now—no self-respecting woman ever dreams of doing up her dress—tell 'em any old story. (He rises painfully and takes off his waistcoat. There is a little knock at the door.)

She. Come in.

[Enter a little girl, aged about 8, in a pink dressing-gown.

Little Girl. I thought I heard you call, mummy.

She. Yes, darling, I did. I wanted you badly. Now stand on that footstool and fasten up mother's dress, just to show Dad how it's done. (The little girl does the whole business without a break in about half a minute.) Thank you, darling. (Kisses her.) Now come away back to bed. (To Him.) Hurry up, CHARLES. There's a ring at the door. It's the LAMPETERS. I'll make an excuse for you. We're going now, unless you'd like POLLY to stay and tie your white tie.



THE FULLY EMPLOYED.

FIRST BURGLAR (*on his way to suburban night-work*). "FINE BODY O' MEN, BILL! NICE TO SEE 'EM GET A GOOD JOB LIKE THIS, INSTEAD O' HANGIN' ABOUT THE SUBURBS."

SECOND BURGLAR. "YUS. I'M ALL FOR THESE 'ERE SUFFERAJITS, I AM."

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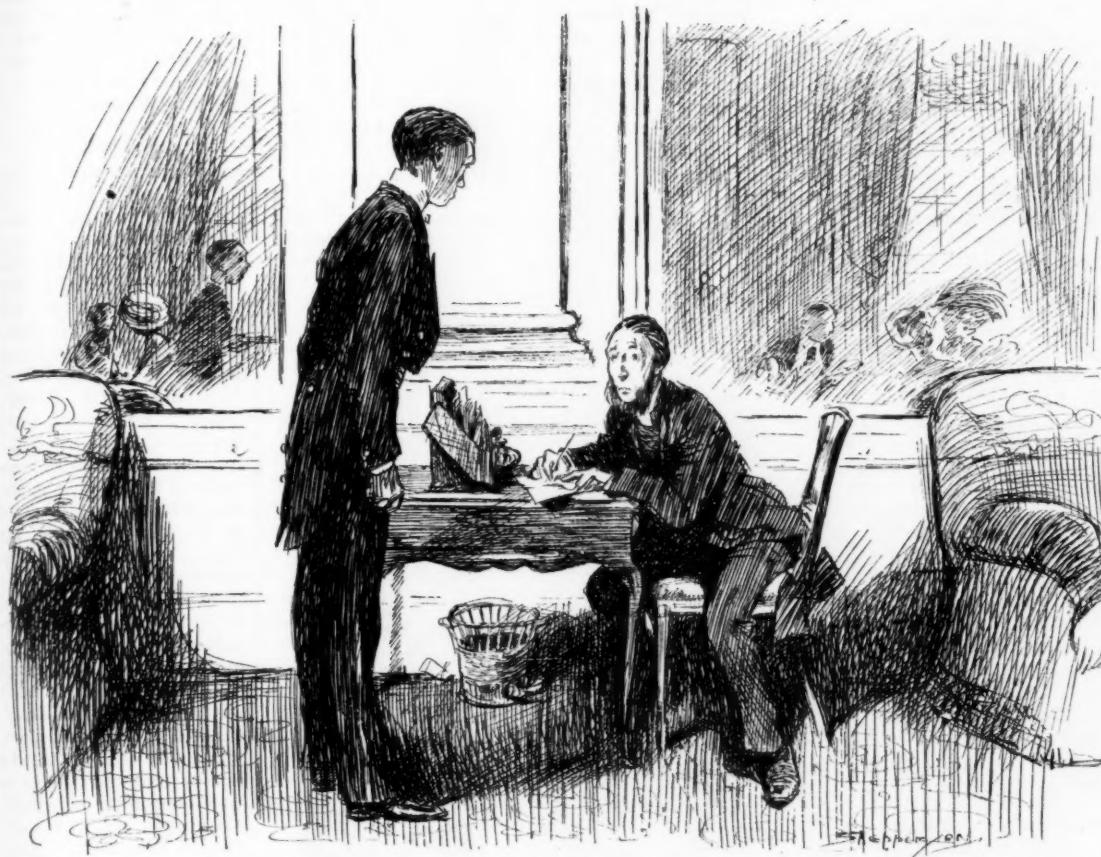
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Cleric. "WAITER, BRING ME A CROCKFORD."

Waiter. "SORRY, SIR, BUT WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO SERVE AMERICAN DRINKS EXCEPT IN THE SMOKE-ROOM."

He. Oh, do go, and let me dress.

(They go.)

He (alone). Now to bust the record. (He looks at the white shirt laid out for him.) No studs in it. Where are they? And that tie's no good. Must wear it all the same. Now for it.

[Left struggling with his dressing, while the guests assemble downstairs.

TO A DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

[According to the Press, the recent epidemic of these beasts has been such that the oldest inhabitants cannot remember its like.]

DADDY, you wear the air of some recluse

Turned loose with trippers for a happy day,
A sober, dingy, scholarly old goose
Who tries to frivol in a festive way;
You imitate the pretty tricks, in fact,
Of smarter insects who are more compact.

Your splay, dishevelled, feeble, lanky limbs
Were not designed for ornament or strength;
You're one of Nature's not too kindly whims,
And lose in contour what you gain in length;
And yet your face looks studious and good,
I'm sure you wouldn't sting us if you could.

And anyhow, it's not for me to mock,

I'm rather moved to retrospective tears,
For I myself have been a laughing-stock

When in those bashful, adolescent years
I drained the cup of shyness to the dregs
And hated my ungainly arms and legs.

You are the sport of every breeze that blows;

A lack of balance stultifies your brain;
Yet, when you bump against a human nose,

Your liberty you humorously gain
By leaving in our grasp, with many thanks,
A sample from the surfeit of your shanks.

The Searchlight in Society.

From an open letter in *The Tatler*:

"You are tall, well built, and extremely handsome, with blue eyes, golden hair, and features of classic regularity, and your rich brown hair is dressed well and in a most becoming manner."

"We are not thinking of the scene in the House of Commons which created an amusing diversion for Members . . . Those antics amuse the vulgar and damage the cause."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

And the majority of them Liberals too! Oh, *Chronicle!*

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A NEW CAUSE.

Broadlands.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Of the household of people staying here just now, *far* the most interesting is the Prince of Rowdiaria—one of those dear, romantic little states in the East of Europe, you know, where there's always a Crisis and the women wear ever so many necklaces and no corsets. The Prince is simply quite; speaks very good English, with just a fascinating little mistake now and then, and perfect French. He's handsome too; not *conventionally* handsome, as our men are, but in a piquant, original way, with a weeny dash of savagery in it that I find quite nice. We've had some splendid talks about Eastern European affairs, and he says I've given him some *quite* new views on the situation. Yes, my dear, you're right! He's my new Cause. He means to call himself a King directly he gets back. And why shouldn't he, pray? I consider it's perfectly right and proper, and have pledged my country, as far as I can, to support him. If a reigning Prince of BLORYN's appearance and descent chooses to make himself a King, what business is it of anyone's, I beg of you? No ruler in Europe comes of such an ancient line. He's descended from a man who was in the Ark. Learned men are saying, you know, that there were more people in the Ark than people think; whether only the saloon passengers were mentioned, or how it's come about, I don't know; but there were several more, and among them a person named BLORYN, the ancestor of the Prince. I simply love to hear him talk of the ancient glories of Rowdiaria. He says the Rowdys are the oldest and strongest race in Europe, and had a chief hand in pulling down the Roman Empire.

D'you know, my DAPHNE, I almost wish I hadn't married my little Sis to Lord WIDELANDS last summer;—

cr, better still, suppose I hadn't married JOSIAH MULTIMILL myself! BLORYN is unappropriated, and so charming, so devoted; and how very well Queen BLANCHE of Rowdiaria would sound! NORTY, who's staying here too, doesn't like BLORYN, and warns me that, if I get mixed up in international intrigues, I may get put in the Tower. As if *that* would choke me off! Why, it's simply a *dilly* idea. I really think if I were put in the

of. I've all sorts of lovely schemes. I'm going to have a Rowdiarian band in national dress to play at all my parties. Next time I'm in town I shall have the Rowdiarian Minister to dinner, and shall make a point of looking up the Rowdiarian colony in London, and being At Home to them. And oh, my dearest, I have such a splenney idea for making the next Earl's Court show a Rowdiarian one—all their native arts and industries, you know. (NORTY says they haven't any industries, that the only thing they can make is a noise! but I don't listen to him.) I've set my heart on having "Rowdiaria in London," and BLORYN (who'll be a King then) coming over to open it.

Would you like to know what is the newest game, now the nights have got so dark? Burgling, my dear, no less! The other night we were a bit hard up for some fun, so a lot of us masked ourselves and muffled up and motored over to BOSI and WEE-WEE's, five miles off, and broke in. Everything was dark and quiet, we knew the place by heart, and did things in quite professional style. We made a grand haul; two of WEE-WEE's jewel-cases, a lot of clocks, in fact more things than I can remember—oh, yes, NORTY took all BOSI's rowing cups and things he won in his old athletic days. We'd so much spoil we could hardly cram it and ourselves into the motors. And then, when we'd got to a safe distance, we began to laugh, and laughed all the way back here. We

left off then, however—at least I did, for we found that, while we were away, *this* place had been burgled! My black pearls were gone, and my new key-pattern diamond tiara, and all the umbrellas, and, worst of all, my darling Pompon in his little bye-bye basket! I was almost distracted.

Next day was pouring wet, and, as there were no umbrellas, our walking people had to do without their favourite exercise. BOSI and WEE-WEE turned up early. "We were burgled last night," said BOSI. "So were we," said I. And then,



Overheard during the Charges of Mounted Police in Parliament Street (October 13).

Diminutive but Voluble Demonstrator from the East End (after a cautious look up and down the street). "Har we men, I harsk yer, submittin' ter bein' driv' abaat like this 'ere by 'Is Majesty's 'ired Kossacks?!!"
[Prepares for another humble sprint towards Trafalgar Square.]

Tower for making trouble in Europe I should be *almost* happy!

JOSIAH is even more odious and unsympathetic than NORTY. He says, "All those rotten little nuisances of Eastern European States ought to be lumped together, taken over as a going concern, and run by a syndicate!" There's a petty, commercial mind for you!

I don't care what any of them say. I'll do all I can for BLORYN when he makes himself a King, and mean to use every ounce of influence I have in a quarter that I daresay you know

before another word was spoken, WEE-WEE gave them away by bursting out triumphantly, "You lost more than we did." "You ridiculous little person!" said BOSH. "Couldn't you have held your tongue for five minutes?" Funny, wasn't it, that the very night we broke in there they should break in here? There was a mutual restoration of property; but things aren't quite as they were before. BOSH says some of his rowing cups and things have got dinted; JOSIAH complains that his favourite umbrella hasn't come back with the others; and my darling Pompon has suffered in health through having his night's rest broken up and not getting quite the sort of brekky he's used to. So there are what politicians call "strained relations" between us.

BABS has started a Society Weekly called *People Who Count*, and it's caught on like anything, having more "authority," you see, than other things of that kind. She does the parties and gossip herself, and a column of mysterious hints and questions called "Innuendoes for the Initiated." (I'll let you into a little secret, *chére*. She invents half of them herself, and generally the half that most "tickles the ears of the outsiders," as MILTON says.) POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, has been writing her Reminiscences in *P.W.C.*, and they were an immensely popular feature, till the Press Censor, or whatever he's called, put a stop to them. BABS doesn't know what to get instead.

Aunt GOLDIE left here in a huff yesterday. And over what, I'll ask you. She'd been complaining of something or other, and wound up with the original remark, "It's a strange world!" I merely said innocently, "Haven't you got used to it yet, Aunt?" and she asked NORTY if he "liked to hear his wife insulted," had all her juvenile adornments packed up, and was off.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. F. left for London en route for the South Coast, where the honeymoon is being spent."

We thank thee, *Peterborough and Huntingdonshire Standard*, for that word.

"Then he proceeded to describe to us the gruesome spectacle of a fox when it is being torn to pieces by dogs, while the ladies and gents participate in the scramble for the tail, hoofs, hide, eyes, and what not."—*The Labour Leader*.

"Mummy, I got a hoof; what did you get?" says the youngest born to his mother as they return home.



Literary Mother (en route from Liverpool to London). "Say! THIS IS RUGBY! SEE HERE, EMERSON, JUST YOU STEP RIGHT DOWN AND STAND ON THE DEEPOT PLATFORM, AND YOU KIN TELL 'EM WAY BACK HOME YOU'VE BEEN WHERE TOM JONES SPENT HIS SCHOOLDAYS."

EMOTIONS TO ORDER.

[*How We Do It Now.*]

NOTICE.

TO-MORROW! TO-MORROW!! TO-MORROW!!

Something will

SUDDENLY COME OVER

Miss Hypatia Fitzsimmons,

and

AN INNER VOICE

will compel her to break into the House of Commons.

To-MORROW!

[Or, if wet, next day.]

EVERY EVENING!

Mr. B. B. Brayson will be MOVED TO INDIGNATION

at 8.30 sharp.

There will be a special *matinée* next Thursday, when he will be

CONSUMED WITH PASSION

and his feelings will no longer permit him to keep silent.

LOOK OUT FOR THIS!

THE IDEAL HOME.

ABOUT three years ago I was something of a cook. I used to take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, shred slightly, stir and bring slowly to the boil. Then garnish with fresh parsley, and serve hot. That was called *Aloyau de bombe glacée à la bonne femme*, so far as I remember. Sometimes I would forget to garnish, and drop a piece of coke in by mistake. Then it was called *Soup for Charitable Purposes*, and we had to put it aside to cool.

I fancy I was even better with the pastry. The atmosphere I used to get into a Swiss roll! The—the ozone. (It must have been the oven). What a touch, too, with the *blanc-mange*—what a polish on its pink outside!

But perhaps the feat I am proudest of is this: that I alone of living men have seen a rabbit dressed for cooking and remained a follower of the Higher Life. "Dressed," you know—well, really!

I mention these facts not in any spirit of boastfulness, but simply to explain my interest in the Ideal Home Exhibition. I had gone there expecting to see the whole building full of men cooking and women darn-ing stockings; of large men taking a piece of butter the size of a cocoanut, and active women doing the Potato Stitch and the Jacob's Ladder Stitch. Of course, as soon as I had paid my shilling I saw that I was in for something quite different, but none the less I was prepared for a pleasant and instructive afternoon. "And," I said to myself, "since this really is the ideal home, I need have no qualms about lighting a pipe."

The fact that I had no matches did not worry me; the ideal home would have a dozen boxes in each room. I went up to the gentleman at the nearest stall.

"Can you let me have a match?" I said politely.

He turned a curious red colour.

"A lucifer," I explained. "A pine vesta. Something of that sort."

He got quite scarlet, so I decided to explain further. "Er—why I want a match is because I wish to ignite this tobacco. I may say that I have paid my shilling at the gate, and—"

By this time he was purple.

"If your hesitation," I tried desperately, "is due to the fact that you only have the sort that strike on the box, I may say that I always carry a small portion of the prepared surface with me."

He turned away abruptly, and went off to speak to somebody else. In resignation I raised my eyes . . . and came upon this notice:

THE ELECTRIC COOKER.

A BOON FOR EVERY HOME.

NO MATCHES REQUIRED.

Well, really, it wasn't my fault. Of course I was more careful after that. I passed the "Quicklit" and the "Yuseitt" departments, and the stall of the "Brytenup Polisher" (I'll give you three guesses why it's called that); and so I came to Number 2901 or thereabouts. My pipe was still unlit.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but what is your—I'm just setting up house, and so I am very much interested in all these scientific methods of cooking. Is this—"

"The Hypograph," he explained.

"Ah yes, I've always felt that—How exactly—"

"It is a simple instrument for drawing two classes of curves, with the aid of which numerous beautiful and complicated patterns can be made."

I took out my watch and felt my wrist anxiously.

"My pulse has stopped," I said. "This is Olympia, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then I've come on the wrong day."

"The wrestling was last year," he said sarcastically. "This is the Ideal Home Exhibition."

"It is? Oh, I beg your pardon. And you draw those delightful curves? How jolly. That's really all it does?"

"Oh, no," he said, getting quite pleased again. "You can make any pattern you like. Now, this way—"

"Yes, yes. But I mean you can't light the oven with it or do the heating or anything like that? No? You're sure? Then—you won't mind my asking you for a match?"

It turned out, when he understood properly, that he did mind. As he seemed to mind a good deal I hurried off and went up to the gallery. And in the gallery I met the Potted Meat Frill.

When I am married (which may never be) I shall have a potted meat frill in every room. I picture to myself a delightful domestic scene. My wife in one corner of the drawing-room putting the frills on the potted meat; myself in the other with the Hypograph, making numerous beautiful and complicated patterns upon the top of the grand-piano-player. It will be an "overstrung black piano-player" from Stall 275 downstairs,

and when it gets too much overstrung we shall send it down to the seaside for a week. On the hearth, beside the Electric Cooker and without any matches, our children—

But I am a bit premature. We don't get to the children till Stall 106, at the other end of the gallery.

The Potted Meat Frill can be obtained for two shillings. (Some people would be content with a mere Ham and Tongue Net Frill for one-and-ninepence, but I am a bit above that. Though it is so useful in the home, it is not often given as a wedding present, most brides preferring the Sardine Dish Frill at half-a-crown. But it is emphatically a thing which every householder should have, even though he has to go without his stamp album from Stall 267).

But of course the crown of the Ideal Home Exhibition is the Baby-land Section. There may be houses (though I cannot imagine them) where the inmates drag out an existence without ever feeling the want of a Hypograph; but there will never be palace or cottage which would not be glad of an exhibit from Stall 106. When I arrived there, WILLIAM (aged six months) was crying a little, but BOBBY and JANE were happy enough. Personally, I should have turned WILLIAM on to his front and patted him gently between the shoulders. I mean, probably he was—But no doubt the nurses knew best; and of course, as they had fed him from Stall 106, he couldn't really have had indigestion.

I watched the Happy Home for quite a long time—until, in fact, I remembered what I had come up there for. Whereupon I went to the place where they sell the baby carriages, and said to a frock-coated gentleman there: "You sell baby carriages?"

He said "Yes."

"But in private life you are quite an ordinary man?"

He admitted he was.

"And so am I. Now, as man to man, and imagining for the moment that we are both back in Upper Norwood, can you oblige me with a match?"

"Certainly," he answered.

A. A. M.

"One of the many disadvantages of the Wright aeroplane is that it cannot start from anywhere or descend anywhere."—*Daily Mail*. The British aeroplane also seems to find a difficulty in starting from anywhere; on the other hand, having once started, it may descend anywhere.

IN SEARCH OF A KING.

It may not be generally known that for some days past a small but determined group of Servian patriots has been in England busily engaged in attempting to find a new ruler for their agitated country, in place of the discredited PETER.

In the ordinary way it is customary to approach the possessors of royal blood; and that, indeed, has been done by certain of the more traditional patriots. But the group now in this country, believing as it does in the need of a totally fresh régime and the importation of wholly novel blood, has displayed singularly unconstitutional energies.

Replying to the deputation, which awaited him in the Court of Honour of Greeba Castle, Mr. HALL CAINE said that nothing could give him greater satisfaction than to receive such a tribute to his success as an influencee of men; and there was, he agreed, some fitness in the invitation to himself, the author of *Pete*, to succeed PETER. If after abdicating the Servian throne he should choose (as he certainly might, being the author of *The Eternal City*) to become Pope, his case might be summed up in the words: Pete, Peter, Petest. But he must say "No" (Servian panic.) Manxland, he felt, had need of him; and one must not abandon one's own country. He would rather continue the uncrowned king of his little island than wear the most gorgeous of Servian purple.

On the spokesman of the party pointing out that he would still be allowed to wear his knickerbockers and look more or less like SHAKESPEARE, Mr. HALL CAINE said that that certainly made a difference, but he must repeat his negative.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who was waited upon in one of the libraries of Skibo, made a similar reply. He was proud, he said, to be thus supplicated, but the throne was not for him. Perhaps they were unaware of his work on Democracy? He could not go back on that *opus*. Moreover, he had still much to do in his own sphere—there were still some millions of pounds to be got rid of, either to heroes or free readers. The most he could do would be to offer all Servian adults a library apiece.

The spokesman having declined this embarrassment with much tact, the deputation withdrew.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, who received the patriots in the sanctum of his charming residence at Edgbaston, stated that he was prepared to accept



*First Anti-Suffragist. "THE IDEA OF THEIR WANTIN' TO BE LIKE US!"
Second A.-S. "YES, MAKIN' THEMSELVES UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!"*

the Crown on two conditions—(1) that he should be allowed to reside in Birmingham and conduct the affairs of state telepathically, and (2) that Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE should be appointed Prime Minister. The deputation withdrew hurriedly.

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST agreed that it would be very delightful to be a queen and make laws and see that they were obeyed; but what about the Movement in England to which she had consecrated her life, if she became the Servian ruler? Having put her hand to the plough, she would not look back—not while a Liberal Member remained in Parliament.

The deputation fared equally badly with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Lord ROSSLYN, and Miss RUTH ST. DENIS, who said it would be sweet to reign, but her art demanded all her thought and time.

The Editor of *The Sphere* was then visited, chiefly on the favourable promise held forth by his name, it being felt that if there was one thing that Servia needed after the tortuous ways of the inclement KING PETER, it was the beneficial sway of a CLEMENT KING SHORTER. The modern CATO of literature, however, said "No," not without a tear of regret, and once again the patriots withdrew.

STOP PRESS NEWS.
Servian Crown accepted by
MR. LE QUEUX.

"Wanted, lad to ride bicycle."
Yorkshire Evening Post.
That is the worst of these pets. They require constant exercise, and this may mean an extra boot-boy.

WANDERING MINSTRELS.

We are rejoiced to learn that the lesson of the visit of the Leeds Choir to Paris is not to be thrown away; indeed, it is already an open secret that the famous Sheffield Festival Choir will shortly take a trip to Canada for the purpose of taking part in several oratorio performances and promoting Imperial solidarity in the domain of music.

These examples, it is pleasant to think, are likely to prove fruitful in a number of unexpected ways. The less important objects of M. ISVOLSKY's visit to London are well known. It is not so well known that his paramount anxiety was to persuade Sir EDWARD GREY to induce Mr. HENRY J. WOOD and his orchestra to undertake a tour in Persia for the purpose of harmonising the conflicting parties in that distracted kingdom. The negotiations were protracted, but we understand that in the end M. ISVOLSKY carried his point, and that Mr. Wood and his band will start for Tabriz in about a fortnight's time, to replace the Cossacks who have hitherto entirely failed to suppress or conciliate the Nationalists. The band, which will be materially strengthened in the percussion department, will number one hundred and fifty performers, and Mr. Wood will be accompanied by four analytical programme writers, two butterfly-tie makers, fourteen flashlight photographers, a staff of tonsorial artists, and three additional biographers.

Almost simultaneously with Mr. Wood's departure for the Middle East, Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, the conductor of the New Symphony Orchestra, accompanied by the Holloway Choir and Mr. WILLIAM CARTER, will set out for South Africa to promote the cause of unification at the Durban Conference. It is felt that nothing could more powerfully reinforce the arguments of the delegates in favour of unity than the con-

cord of sweet and healing sounds for which the foregoing names are the best possible guarantee. The New Symphony Orchestra, who look forward to the trip with the utmost enthusiasm, have gone into strict training on biltong, mealie pap and Cape smoke; and Mr. BEECHAM, with

will proceed in motor-caravans, steam pantechnicon vans and pneumatic pontoons to the great lakes, where Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE intends to instruct them in the gentle art of hippo fishing with the dry fly, at which he is exceptionally proficient.

Mr. MAX HUMBERGER, the famous violinist, accompanied by

Mrs. HUMBERGER and their infant son PAGANINI HUMBERGER, will shortly start on a tour in the Arctic Circle. The degraded condition of the Eskimo has long given Mr. HUMBERGER deep concern, and he has conceived the noble plan of raising them to a higher plane of humanity and citizenship by the purifying influence of his unequalled virtuosity. The announcement of his prolonged and heroic absence from London has been greeted with immense enthusiasm by his brother artists. An exhibition of the furs to be worn by the party during their sojourn in the Far North will be open for a few days at 154, Hay Hill, the residence of Mrs. HUMBERGER's father, Sir JULIUS SLAZENGER, the eminent bacteriologist.

Hardly less benevolent in its origin and scope is the mission shortly to be undertaken to China by the Earl of TANKERVILLE for the purpose of converting the Dowager Empress to an appreciation of our Border ballads. Lord TANKERVILLE, as *The Daily Chronicle* has frequently reminded us, is a singer of extraordinary charm and persuasiveness, and it is anticipated that the therapeutic influence of his wonderful voice will finally demolish the last vestige of the Yellow Peril and inaugurate an era of unparalleled felicity in the Yangtse Valley.



A WAIL FROM ROSS.

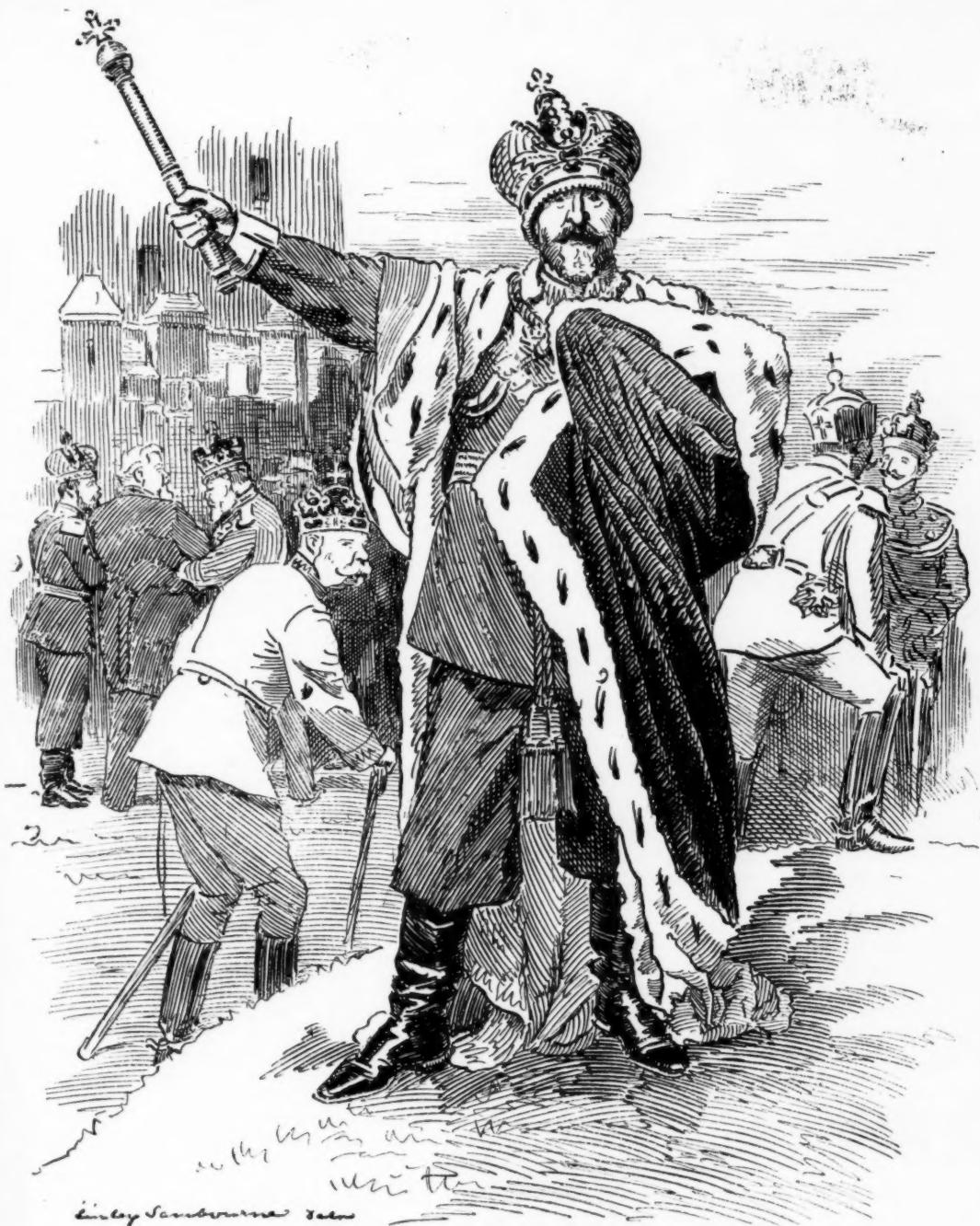
Stalker. "QUICK, SIR! OR THEY'LL BE GETTING OUR WIND!"
Jones (on his first stalk). "TOO LATE! THEY'VE GOT MINE!"

a charmingly tactful consideration for his audience, has decided to conduct with a disselboom in place of the usual baton.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has arranged to convey the entire Albert Hall Choir to Albert Nyanza at the close of the season. Seventeen overstrung dahabeahs will convey the choir up the Nile to Khartoum, whence they

Triplet of Female Suffrage.

ELAINE was a child
Who was quite irresistible.
Sweet mannered and mild,
ELAINE was a child;
But her soul was beguiled
By the crowings of CHRISTABEL.
ELAINE was a child
Who was quite irresistible.



THE TSARVENU.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA. "THREE CHEERS FOR ME!"

AUSTRIA (*tentatively*). "HIP! HIP! HIP!"

THE OTHER GREAT POWERS (*after long and careful deliberation*). "Hooray!"

[It is anticipated that the Independence of Bulgaria, of which Austria approved from the first, will be ultimately ratified by the Great Powers in conference.]

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 12th.—Back to school after the autumn holidays. Quite a full muster in Lords and Commons. Note two absentees from latter place. Head Boy of Opposition has given himself extra day's holiday. EDWARD GREY remains in seclusion of Foreign Office. This disappointing to Members on both sides prepared to give FOREIGN SECRETARY something in way of ovation. Slightest apprehension of such a thing sufficient to warn off E. G.

"Public life, Toby, dear boy," he said the other day, "would be possible but for its public appearances. If I were permitted to do all my work in this room" (we were talking in the F.O. about the rare silence of Emperor WILLIAM at a grave European crisis) "I should be content."

To do him justice, E. G. makes the most of his opportunities of withdrawing himself from public gaze. During the Session comes down to House twice a week, answers string of questions addressed to him by eminent authorities on Foreign Affairs seated below gangway, and incontinently bolts.

In his absence, PREMIER read carefully drafted statement on Balkan Crisis. In political area situation has developed an attitude creditable to the highest traditions of Party system. Opposition come back more than ever disgusted with Government. Licensing Bill remains all their fancy painted it. Education Bill, Labour in Mines Bill, just as bad. Faced by crisis in Foreign Politics, political partisanship is obliterated. Just now is realised ideal condition of affairs "when none were for a Party but all were for the State."

In the Lords, LANSDOWNE seized opportunity to pay tribute to the statement made by FOREIGN SECRETARY last week. "Nothing," he said amid general cheering, "could be more dignified in tone or more appropriate in substance."

This sort of thing that occasionally refreshes and ennobles British Party politics.

Commons spent quiet, useful evening discussing the Children's Charter; comes on for consideration after treatment by Grand Committee. In absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, COUSIN BOB, K.C., took the floor. Obliged with several speeches. Old hatred, common to the CECILS, of anything approaching



Signora Dorando is first into the Stadium, but is promptly disqualified. She was "assisted" almost up to the tape.

interference with perfect freedom of the people displayed itself in resistance to stringent provisions of the Bill. One makes it criminal offence for boy or girl under sixteen to buy cigarettes or cigarette-papers, much more to be seen smoking in public places.

From this petty tyranny COUSIN BOB's soul revolted. It was said that cigarette smoking wrought much evil among the children and therefore it must be put down with strong hand of the Law. Over-eating of sweets or sitting up late at night was harmful to the infant body. Yet the Bill has no penal prohibition of these practices.

Then there was smoking brown paper. (Here he paused, and his mind seemed to travel back to days when, personally, he could not determine which made the more delectable smoke, cane or brown paper.)

Yet the Bill submitted by HIS MAJESTY'S Government with demand for enactment did not penalise the sybarite under sixteen whom practice had made a connoisseur of the varying qualities of brown paper used in preference to, or in default of, tobacco.

Thus, assisted by carefully-prepared brief and animated gestures, did a lofty mind, skilled in legal lore, trained at the Bar, prattle on by the half-hour.

Business done.—House resumes sittings. Children's Charter considered on Report stage.

Tuesday.—There is a vulgar idea, nurtured by men of certain stamp, that the active participation of Woman in Parliamentary proceedings is undesirable on account of her tendency to lengthy speech. Mistress MARGARET TRAVERS SYMONS (of Clifford's Inn) has finally shattered that

structure reared by malicious fancy. Her speech to-night was the briefest offered in course of debate on the Children's Charter. Went straight to the point in fashion many male Members would do well to imitate.



"What has posterity done to us that we should tie its hands?"—or words to that effect.

(Mr. G-rg-e H-rw-d objects to bequeathing a Local Option policy to our successors.)

"Drop your talk about the Children's Bill," she shrieked, "and give us Votes for Women."

That was all. True that at this moment the closure was put into operation. The arms of a gallant messenger standing by the doorway gently but firmly closed round the waist of the lady on her legs addressing the Chair, and she was borne forth. But she had accomplished her purpose, had delivered her message.

All very well for her. But what about THOMAS HOWELL WILLIAMS IDRIS, M.P. for the Flint Districts since 1906, Chemist and Mineral Water Manufacturer, once Mayor of St. Pancras Borough, now Alderman? Sympathy of the House goes forth to him with generous rush. Has ever trusted woman. Now faith shattered. All happened so rapidly, too. Mr. IDRIS was seated at table in dining-room waiting for the joint, sipping glass of mineral water with air of a connoisseur, and thinking what much better quality was turned out in Merionethshire, when a card was handed to him. A lady wished to see him. Why, certainly. Let the joint grow cold, the mineral

water flat. A lady's behest commands instant obedience.

Mr. IDRIS hastened to find the dame. Conducted her through the lobbies of unsuspecting police in the lobbies, past the guardians at the doorway, up to the very glass door opening on the sacred precincts forbidden to foot of female when the SPEAKER is in the Chair. On the left hand is a step giving access to a window-pane through which woman, herself unseen, has often gazed on man. On to this he assisted Mistress M. T. S. Having seen enough, she stepped down, again assiduously helped by the hon. Member. He turned to lead the way through the outer Lobby to the Gallery upstairs when he heard a shout, faced quickly round, and lo! the lady was not. She had dashed through the swinging glass doors.

"Like a cork out of a soda-water bottle," as Mr. IDRIS put it, his mind in excitement of moment reverting to familiar associations.

To his horror he realised that she was addressing the House. Next thing he saw was the lady in the arms of the attendant. A man of business, Mr. IDRIS immediately realised the situation. He was relieved from attendance on the dame. The police would look after her. So he wended his way back to the dinner table to find the joint cold beyond reasonable anticipation, the

GREENWOOD, rising from Front Bench below gangway when Questions were disposed of, "I wish to ask you, and I hope I shall be endorsed by Members of the House, to take steps to exclude absolutely from the inner Lobby of this House, during its sitting, ALL WOMEN."

Obvious initial difficulty. GREENWOOD asks to be "endorsed by Mem-



Mr. F. E. Sm-th pours a thin stream of corrosive eloquence on the Licensing Bill.

bers." How is that to be done? At school, as some of us remember, a boy was "endorsed" on the back by irate master as if he were a Bill; which, indeed, he might chance to have been. Would have made no difference had he been TOM, DICK or HARRY. Evidently that's not what GREENWOOD means. Explanation doubtless is that, owing to profound emotion, even an ex-Lieutenant of Canadian Militia with eight years' service to his credit, stumbled upon elliptical sentence.

Till one heard GREENWOOD pronounce the word "WOMEN," prefaced by the comprehensive "ALL," one never imagined what possibilities of infamy the sex barely conceals. The tone of tragic denunciation with which the dissyllable was invested was varied by bitter scorn when in subsequent sentence he spoke of "THE VISITING WOMAN." Final reference to "pagan tribes in remote parts of the world," contrasted to detriment of the home-grown female article, though effective, was trifling compared with the blood-curdling effect of his enunciation of a familiar word.

SARK says PITT's majestic, reiterated, pronunciation of the common-



THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF IDRIS.

"Like a cork out of a soda-water bottle!"

(Mr. T. H. W. Idr-s.)

mineral water flat beyond hope of redemption.

Business done. — Mistress MARGARET TRAVERS SYMONS briefly addresses the House from the Bar, urging the desirability of so arranging its business as to give subject of Votes for Women precedence over that of Cigarettes for Children.

Wednesday.—"Sir," said HAMAR



THE SOFT ANSWER.

Irate Preserer of Pheasants. "LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW! I DIDN'T WANT HOUNDS HERE TILL AFTER I'D SHOT MY PHEASANTS. YOU'RE MAKING THE BIRDS FLY ALL OVER THE PLACE!"

M.F.H. "AWFULY SORRY; BUT I HADN'T THE LEAST IDEA YOU DIDN'T WANT 'EM TO LEARN TO FLY!"

place word "Sugar" in a historic debate was nothing compared with GREENWOOD's "Woman." Don't know about that. Wasn't present on occasion; but confess that, with GREENWOOD's voice still rolling in my ear, I cannot look upon a woman without uncomfortable tendency to knocking at the knees.

Business done.—Licensing Bill taken in hand. SPEAKER gives instructions to put up the shutters over "the peep-hole" to whose vicinity Mistress SYMONS last night lured the innocent IDRIS.

An advertisement in a British Columbian paper:

"Specili about Kaslo Laundry and before two charge common price but just now one charge twice and because I am start a new laundry now and he is best price if both same price I hope people give some to us washing, because I not enough to do and I stop and nobody start any more as he charge high price again."

Mr. Punch hopes the crisis will be averted.

BEHIND THE SCENES;
OR, THE NEW ADVERTISING AGAIN.
SCENE—Managerial room in new
Restaurant.

First Speaker. We don't seem to be catching on as I hoped we should. What's to be done?

Second Speaker. We must advertise, I suppose.

F. S. Oh, yes, advertisements! What are they? Everyone advertises.

S. S. Very well, then, we must advertise in a new way.

F. S. How?

S. S. Well, we must get articles into the papers that don't look like advertisements. Don't you remember how they did it over Maxim's just before the company was floated.

F. S. What will that do?

S. S. Why, don't you see, if the public don't think it's an advertisement—if "Advt." is not put at the foot—they'll be tremendously impressed. Take a case. Suppose

we arrange for an article in *The Pall Mall Gazette* to follow the leader, describing a jolly good dinner at our place, don't you see what an impression it would make, between the leader and the "Occasional Notes," a place ordinarily kept for decent stuff?

F. S. But you wouldn't get it. Not *The Pall Mall*. *The Pall Mall* belongs to—

S. S. My dear fellow, leave it to me.

F. S. Who will you get to write it?

S. S. Oh, that's easy enough.

F. S. Well, have it your own way; but if I were the public I should see through it pretty quick.

Cabinet Modesty.

"Sir Edward Grey, who had been engaged at the Foreign Office, walked to No. 10 by way of the Government Arches, thus escaping photographers. The Cabinet Council rose at 1.30, after a two hours' sitting. We believe that the Cabinet unanimously and entirely approved the course taken by Sir Edward Grey."

Daily News.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—“LADY EPPING’S LAWSUIT.” WHEN I saw Mr. HUBERT DAVIES’s new “Satirical Comedy,” before a curtain-raiser had been affixed to it, the whole evening’s performance only lasted a couple of hours. Even so, I should have been better pleased with myself if I had arrived an hour late. The First Act was strangely ineffective. Yet there was plenty of good material in it to be set off against some rather thin stuff; but nearly all the cast seemed anxious to rush it through, as if they were afraid that people’s patience wouldn’t last out till they got to the really funny things a little further on. Apart from the pleasant episode of the lady interviewer and the photographer, which started too suddenly and proceeded above the speed limit, there was little enough diversion in the way of side-shows, and the task of keeping things going fell with almost monotonous insistence upon the gentle shoulders of Miss MARY MOORE as *Lady Epping*. She tackled it bravely and cleverly, but got very little active help from the only other character of any importance, the successful playwright. Mr. SAM SOTHERN, who takes this part, has all the negative virtues, in particular the rare and priceless gift of being able to keep still; but no one could well have looked, or acted, much less like a young dramatist just arrived and busy climbing into smart society.

Then there was the boudoir-stage, which seemed to cramp the activities of my lady’s week-end party—a whole Epping Forest of strange botanical specimens, including a cedar of Lebanon (Scotch variety), which showed so little sign of being acclimatised that I heartily wished it back in its own soil.

However, the Third Act made amends. Here Mr. DAVIES used to excellent purpose his chance of satirizing the lighter side of our administration of justice. The good things, and they were many, were more equally spread about, Bench, Counsel, Plaintiff and Defendant all securing a reasonable proportion, though Miss MARY MOORE still took the lioness’s share. Her casual disregard for the sanctity of the Court, and her treatment of the whole thing as a social function run for her benefit, completely charmed the audience into forgetfulness of their earlier discontent, and sent them away, if not replete, yet with appetite modestly appeased.

II.—“FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM.”

The tyranny of the man-servant has become the dominant note of modern British drama. Mr. J. K. JEROME’s new variety is an advance, in the matter of complication, both on *Crichton*, and the valet of *Bellamy the Magnificent*. Not only is he the unquestioned master of Bantock Hall, with no fewer than twenty-two family connections in what is practically his employ, but the new *Lady Bantock*, who had been married from the Paris music-halls (where she seems to have picked up a powerful American accent) turns out, to the pained surprise of both, to be a runaway niece of his. Out of either of these

(easily grasped) was a source of huge delight. Mr. CARTWRIGHT, as the Butler, played conscientiously, but took up too much of our time. Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON and Miss MEASOR were a pair of indistinguishably charming maiden aunts, who, like their nephew, the rather invertebrate *Lord Bantock* (Mr. LESLIE FABER), were hopelessly under the dominion of their meiny.

I don’t know if Mr. JEROME is anxious to dissipate the personal impressions that his other play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, may have left upon its audiences. Certainly, in *Fanny and the Servant Problem* he throws off his reverential attitude and invites us to laugh at sanctity and its symbols. He would probably say that his new people are hypocrites: but the ridicule in these cases nearly always falls in effect on the thing abused, rather than on the abuse of it.

O. S.



“MY UNPROPHETIC SOUL, MY UNCLE!”
Fanny . . . Miss Fannie Ward.
Bennet . . . Mr. Charles Cartwright.

conditions a reasonable comedy might have been made, but the combination of them offers an irresistible incentive to farce. The author calls his work “a quite possible play.” Most things, of course, are possible; the trouble is that so few of them are probable.

All through the play it is a battle royal between mistress and man, and in the end she has to stoop to conquer. Miss FANNIE WARD, as her namesake, though perhaps she could not fully command the pathetic mood, showed a very mobile intelligence, particularly in the Second Act, where she made a most piquant appearance in a mid-Victorian gown which had been pressed upon her by a maid who had strong views about the proprieties. To the ladies of the audience, the humour of this spectacle

MENUS TO MEASURE.

(The Tsar of Bulgaria.)

Potage.
Mock-Turkey.

Poisson.

Kettle of Fish. Small Fry.

Entrée.

Suprême de Dindonneau sur Toast.

Rôtis.

Cold Shoulder à la Hamid.
Broiled Mélée Internationale.
Sauce Piquante.

Entremets.

Sultana Pudding.
Macédoine de Fruits.
Bombes Révolutionnaires.
Pasha au Rhum.

Savoury.

Capers.

(The European Concert will perform during dinner.)

“A diminutive delinquent had just been sentenced by the magistrate to receive a dozen strokes with the birch. He heard the decision quietly, and then turning to the Bench calmly asked, ‘Please may I have the gas?’

A diminutive delinquent had just been sentenced by the Magistrate to receive a dozen strokes with the birch. He heard the decision quietly, and then turning to the Bench calmly asked, ‘Please may I have the gas?’”

Portsmouth Evening News.

After reading this dear old joke through twice Mr. Punch has come to the conclusion that after all he likes it better with the small “m” for “magistrate.”



Benevolent Old Gentleman. "Now look here, little girl, you tell me your address, and I'll write and tell your mother what a spiteful nurse you've got!"
Little Girl. "Boo-oo! This is Mother!"

THE WRECKER.

[A section of line in North Wales was recently held up for five hours owing to the body of a fly having insulated what should have been a contact in the electric-staff apparatus.]

Was I surprised to hear it? Not at all.
 Do I not know them well, these artful midgets?
 And how to minstrels in the Muses' thrall
 They bring despair, the pestilential fidgets?
 Long ere you caused annoy to Cymric guards,
 Long ere you chose, old hooligan, to maffick,
 Had you not hurtled round the heads of bards
 And dislocated Heliconian traffic?
 Was it not you, one shining day last June,
 You or some mate of yours, a smug-faced bully,
 That near my hapless brain began to croon,
 Just where the beetling brows grow soft and woolly?
 The world was robbed by that malign assult
 Of strains from out Pierian fountains trickling,
 Of songs descended from the starry vault—
 How could I write them, when you would keep
 tickling?

Not mine to wonder then that you should clog
 Electric currents, or serenely wallow
 In all the vices of a railroad-hog,
 You that have tapped the temples of Apollo;
 How many a line I cannot recollect
 Through your absurd behaviour now lies rusting?
 How many a train of fancy had you wrecked
 Before you took to locomotive busting?

Yes, even now, I hear your comrades hum;
 Their wings are beating round my cranial turret:

But, heaven be praised, the hours of winter come
 When heads are cool and insects cease to worrit;
 The time is near when all your tribe shall sup
 Their latest draught of crime-inducing syrup,
 And none be left to hold our railways up,
 Or crack the mighty brains of men that chirrup.

AERATED ENGLISH.

A TECHNICAL illustrated monthly, "The Airship and Aeronautical Engineer," is shortly to appear, recording the progress of the world in all that appertains to "aerogation" (sic). Interrogation we know, and supererogation we have heard of, but what is this latest claimant to the attention of Dr. MURRAY? Truly the language of the upper strata, if this specimen gains currency, is passing beyond our ken and becoming too rarefied altogether. "To aviate" is nauseous enough, and "planing," in the atmospheric slang of country-house parties, is pretty bad; but we do draw the line at "aerogation." The purveyors of ethereal "shop" will shortly be weighing in with aerobats and airmen, atmobuses and other horrific hybrids. The great tailoring firms are already designing aeroplane costumes, and soon it will be too late to protest. When the trade gets hold of the classical lexicons, beware of the consequences.

"Mr. H. B. Irving last night presented that version of "Hamlet" associated with the name of his father. Mr. Irving gives us a Hamlet who, though melancholy, is far from mad. Mamlet, in the hands of Mr. Irving, is saved from, etc."—*Yorkshire Post*.
 This looks more like three versions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT first sight Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL seems to be coming down in the world. A year ago he published a book entitled *A Pocketful of Sixpences*. His latest effort, issued by GRANT RICHARDS, is called *Some Threepenny Bits*. His threepenny bits are however equal in value to most *causcus'* half-crowns. Like the two volumes preceding, this latest is made up of brief chatty letters much too good to be buried in the columns of the newspaper in which they originally appeared. Mr. RUSSELL holds all literature at his call. He has read everything, and, what is more rare, remembers it. Out of a rich well-ordered store, he at the proper moment recalls and drops in the right place an illuminating story or illustration. Any subject will serve—Brighton, Budgets, Bank Holiday, Black Rod, May Day, or Lords-Lieutenant. He chats about them with the absence of effort that seems so easy to acquire and yet to most of us is impossible.

As there is no reason why he should discontinue the series (there are Pennies, Halfpennies, and even Farthings still to be utilised as titles) it may be worth while to point out an unworthy little mannerism. When he quotes a sentence or a passage, he invariably repeats the first word or two. For example: "'Christmas,' said Dr. Liddon, in one of his greatest orations—'Christ-

mas, if not the first,'" etc. "'Closely akin,' as preachers say—'closely akin,' the subject of Xmas cards," etc. This repetition is not necessary, and in the course of a portly volume becomes irritating.

It is customary for dramatic critics to inform the luckless author that his plot would make a better novel than it does a play; but Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE has reversed the situation, for his novel, *Love and the Interloper* (HUTCHINSON) would be more successful on boards theatrical than within those provided by the bookbinder. It is, indeed, pure melodrama, even to the hasty father, who exclaims, "I see it all now. Oh, but you were easily duped!" But the beautiful Irish heroine, as was right and proper, was not duped after all when she fell in love with the gamekeeper, who actually, of course, was not a gamekeeper at all, but a real English Major who had been in real wars. There is also the heavy villain, a bogus Captain, who is naturally put to flight and shame in the last chapter—or is it the Fifth Act?—when all ends happily, and virtue triumphs. Though the scene is laid in Ireland, with the necessary machinery of ban-

shees, blackthorns, and beggars, one seems to have stepped inadvertently into the old Adelphi. But one might do worse on an idle evening.

It is no indictment of Mr. TOM GALLON'S *The Lackey and the Lady* (HURST AND BLACKETT) to say that I have little desire to meet his characters in the flesh. For, although to spend a week-end with people like the Duncimans would bore me to tears, to read about them is instructive. Mr. Horace Dunciman, the tyrannical head of the family, was a man of maxims, who regarded himself as a kind of provincial Providence. On the first page of the book he fires off the maxim "that the grand principle of life is that each man shall know his place—and each woman, for the matter of that; moreover, that they shall keep those places," and, as he said this "on every possible occasion," I don't wonder that his children rebelled. It is not, therefore, with their disobedience that I find fault, but with their way of showing it. They should, I think, have found less perilous methods of revolting from a preposterous

papa. For Miss Dunciman marries the strong, forceful butler, while Tony Dunciman consoles himself by wedding a barmaid. We bid farewell to the rebels as they start to Australia under the wing of the forceful one. It is very satisfactory that Mr. Dunciman's main maxim should have been so badly spiced, but I cannot help feeling that it was a little hard upon Australia.



A MUTUAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

(Being an unrecorded incident of the Age of Chivalry.)

Plenty to puzzle, though nothing to trouble you,
Everything kindly and most of it gay,
That's what you get in a story by W.
W. J.

Seagoing worthies, and longshoremen various,
Humorous schemers for numerous ends,
Lovemakers turbulent, placid, hilarious—
These are his friends.

JACOBS I mean, of course—JACOBS the novelist;
Such are a few of the folk at his call;
I couldn't write, if you offered a sov., a list
Showing them all.

Salthaven (METHUEN) provides a main love affair
Mixed with two others tied up in a knot;
That's, with the trimmings suggested above, a fair
View of the plot.

Slight? Well, it seems so, but often a definite
Recipe seems quite insipidly tame
Till it's made up with the hand of the chef in it;
This is the same.